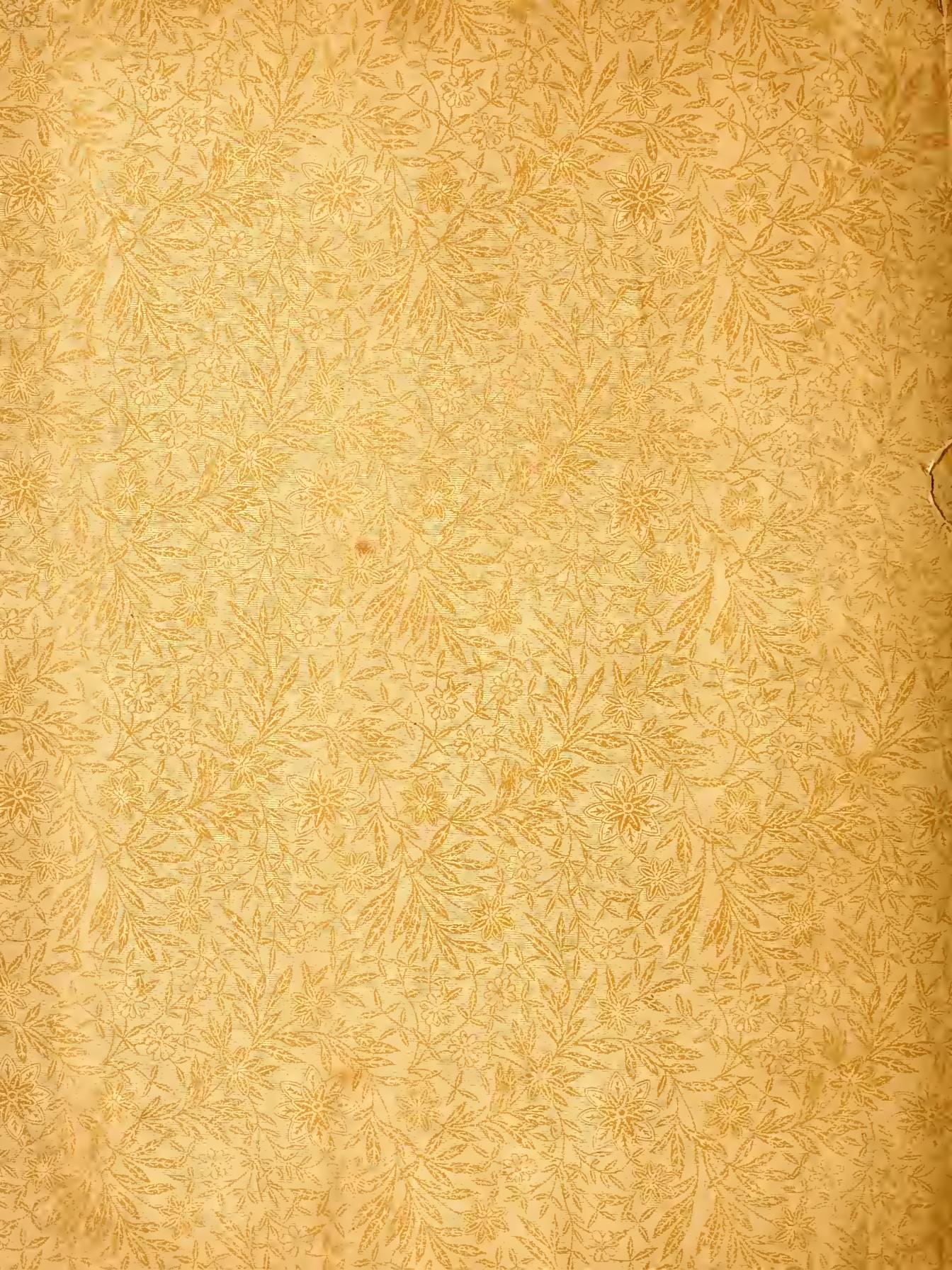




# THE GLAD YEAR ROUND





Human Will

to

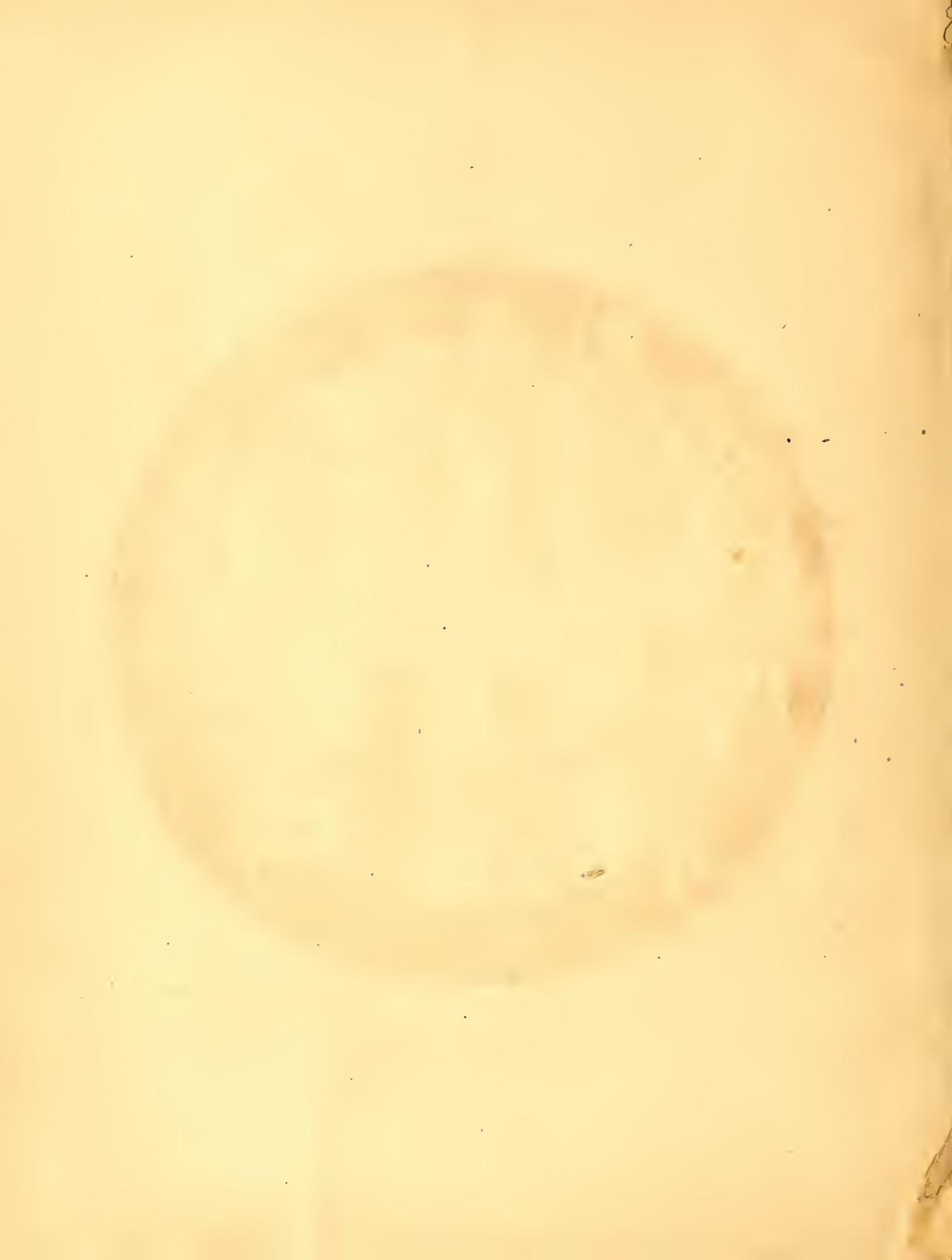
Geller Neil

~~cat~~

264  
68

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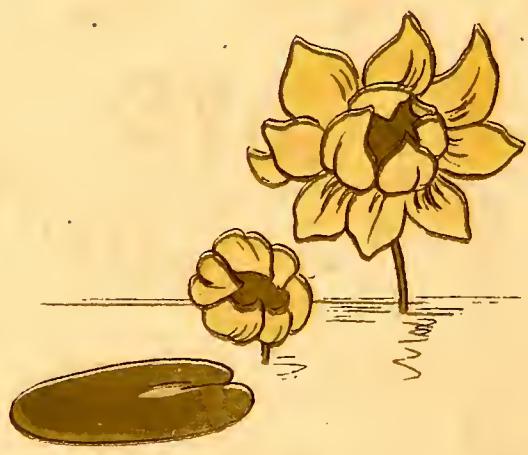
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One GLAD YEAR Round.



By A.G. Plympton





# THE GLAD YEAR ROUND



FOR BOYS  
and GIRLS  
By  
A G. Plympton

BOSTON

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

1882

Dedicated To



MISS MARY CHICKERING



Oh poor little Polly,  
She asked for a dolly  
In a manner that couldn't but win;  
Her mother said "Polly  
Will get her new dolly  
Just as soon as my ship comes in."

"Dear me," said miss Polly,  
"Oh that will be jolly,  
I wish I knew when it would be,—  
But perhaps a sea-shell!  
Can the mystery tell,  
For they sing of what goes on at sea."

Said poor little Polly,  
"Tis quite melancholy;  
I can't make a word out you say,  
And I do not see why,"  
She went on with a sigh,  
"You should speak in that Frenchified way."



Oh poor little Polly,  
She longed for that dolly;  
So she went to an old pine tree  
Which was ever so high,  
And it talked to the sky  
Of what it saw way out at sea!

Said silly miss Polly,  
"It must be quite jolly  
To be all grown up and so high;  
It would be very kind  
My entreaties to mind  
And tell if a ship should sail nigh."

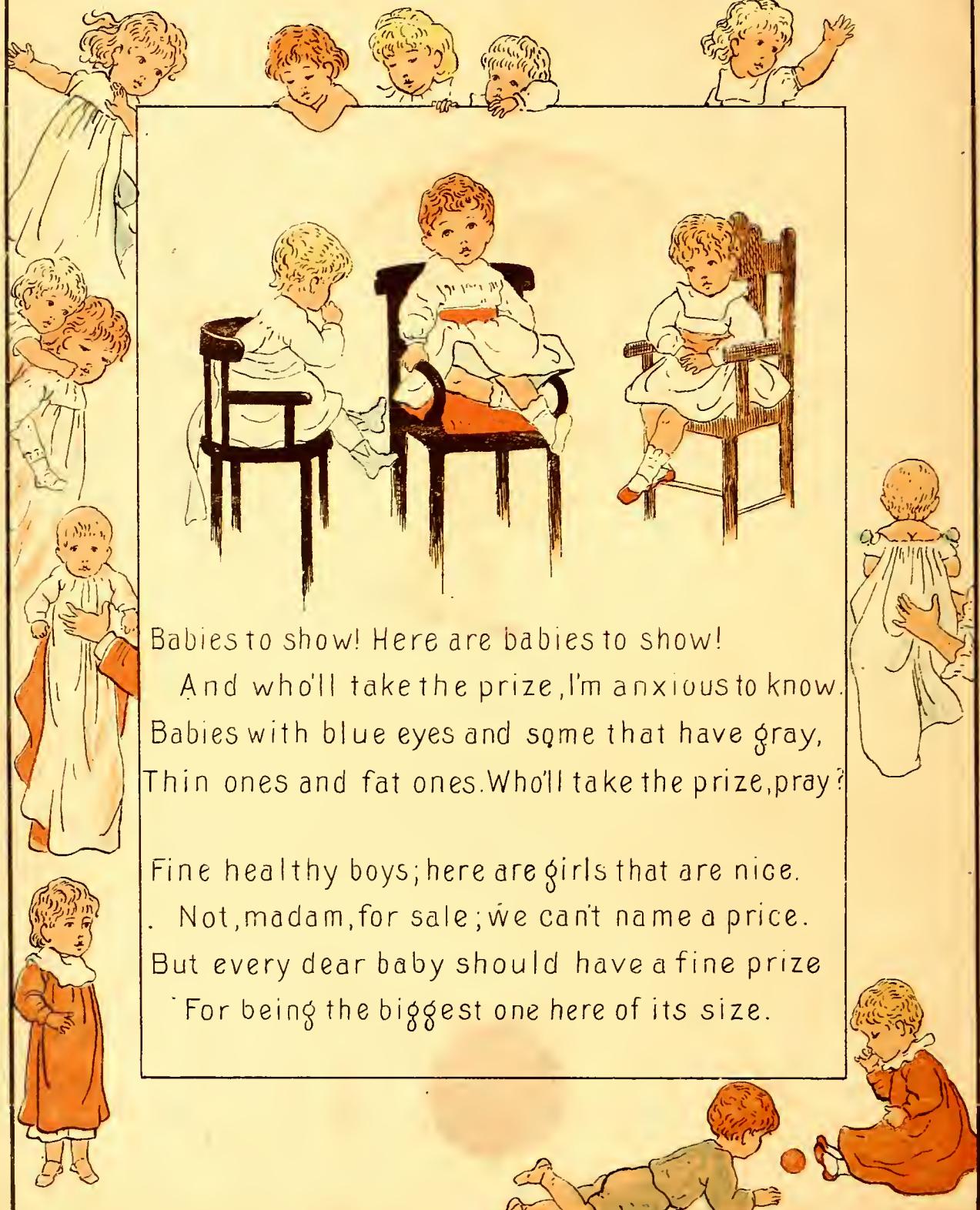




Oh there was a brown owl,  
A sagacious old fowl,  
Who was perched on a branch near by.  
Said he to miss Polly,  
"I'd quit all this folly  
And I'd make myself scarce, that would I!"



And didn't poor Polly  
Then get a new dolly?  
Ah ha little dears, didn't she?  
A beautiful dolly  
In time came to Polly,  
But it came on the Christmas tree



Babies to show! Here are babies to show!

And who'll take the prize, I'm anxious to know.  
Babies with blue eyes and some that have gray,  
Thin ones and fat ones. Who'll take the prize, pray?

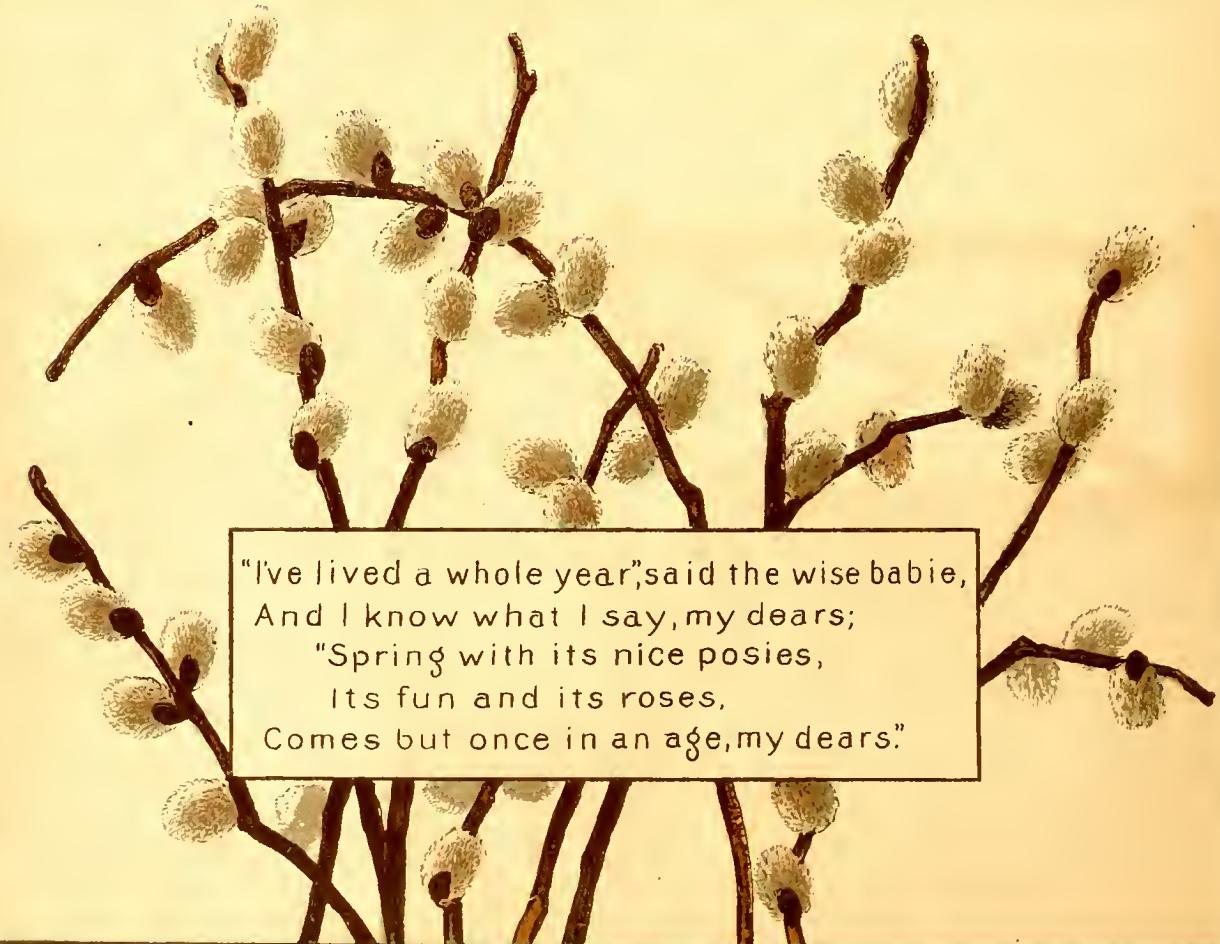
Fine healthy boys; here are girls that are nice.

Not, madam, for sale; we can't name a price.  
But every dear baby should have a fine prize  
For being the biggest one here of its size.



Little Emily Jane goes out into the rain,  
And although she gets wet she does not complain;  
On the tips of her toes through the puddles she goes,  
And she doesn't much care how hard the wind blows.

'Tis very bad weather, but she will see whether  
It ever rains pitchforks, as she has heard said;  
So she walks for an hour, about in the shower,  
And goes home at last with a cold in her head.

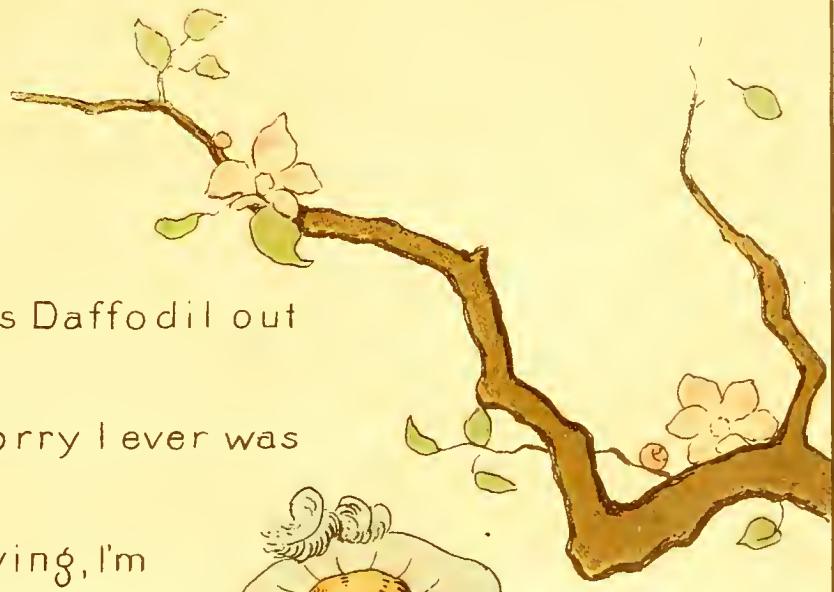


"Oh dear!" said miss Daffodil out  
on the lawn,

"I am certainly sorry I ever was  
born.

I am tired of growing, I'm  
thirsty and hot,-

But ha, here comes Tom  
with his watering pot."





Said the city child to Lucy,  
As they met upon the green,  
"I've just found the finest flower  
That I have ever seen."

"Oh my, you silly city child,  
You are green as grass, indeed,  
It is but a dandelion  
And nothing but a weed."

"Ah, but in my mother's garden  
There are flowers brave to see;  
There are hollyhocks and roses,  
Where hangs the honey bee.

"There are marigolds and heartsease,  
And forget-me-nots so blue,  
And perhaps, if you will ask her,  
She'll give you one or two."

Said the city child to Lucy,  
"She has none so gay as these;  
And if she has, what's one or two  
Compared to all you please?"





"Oh my! we're most afraid to see  
Such gaudy colors everywhere.  
The trees are green, they shouldn't be,  
And bright gay flowers here and there.

"The sky is blue, the wicked sky,  
A deep delicious lovely blue,  
And such a gorgeous sun, oh my,  
Whatever are we coming to!"

"Here's russet brown and olive green,  
And pink and purple, oh dear me!  
But we're all drab-colored and sad  
Just as we know we ought to be."



Faraway on the beach where the wild waves play,  
As they come with a rush to the land,  
The young Millikens came one sunshiny day,  
To bathe and to stroll on the sand



Said the Milliken boy to the Milliken girl,

"I don't want to bathe in the sea;

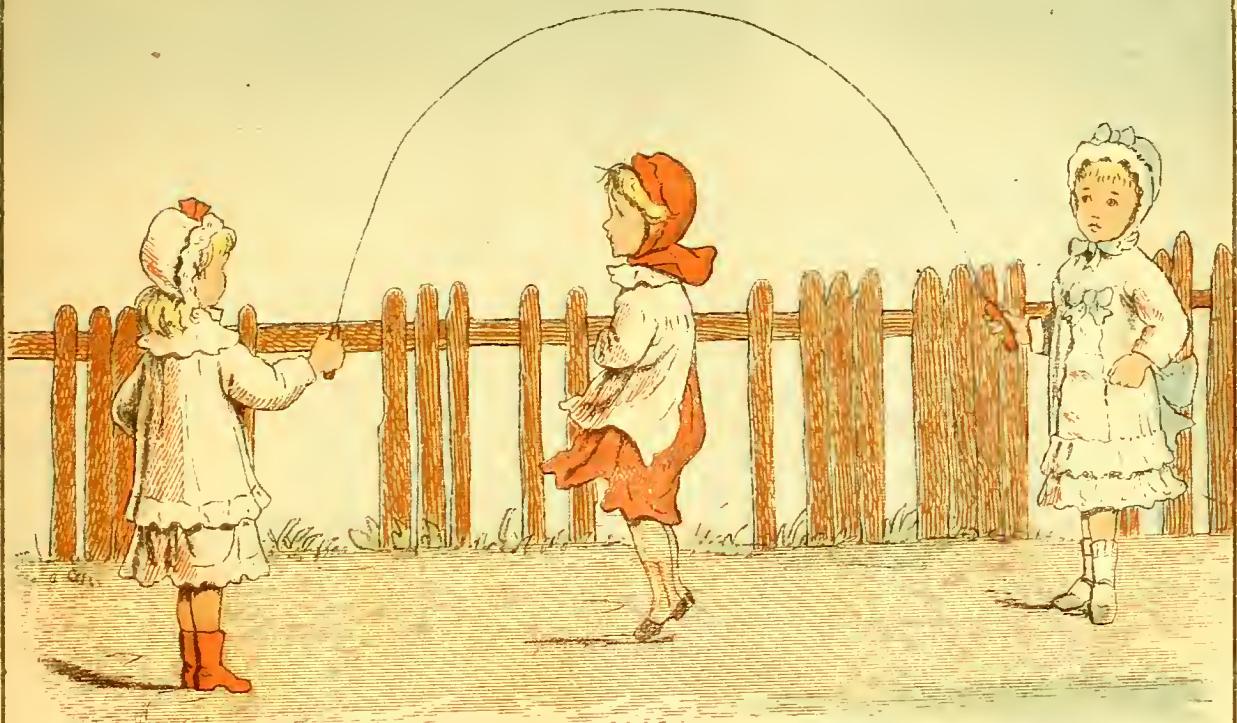
For each day I've a scrub in a horrid old tub,

And one bath is sufficient for me."

These five little girls and one little boy  
Do merrily dance in a ring;  
"And pray little girls, and pray little boy,  
Why merrily thus do you sing?"



"Oh round and round, in a merry go-round,  
For merry gay folks are we;  
Our lives are bright, and our hearts are light,  
As all little children's should be."



"Swing the rope, oh swing the rope,  
I am not tired a bit.  
I can jump a hundred times  
Without once stopping it."

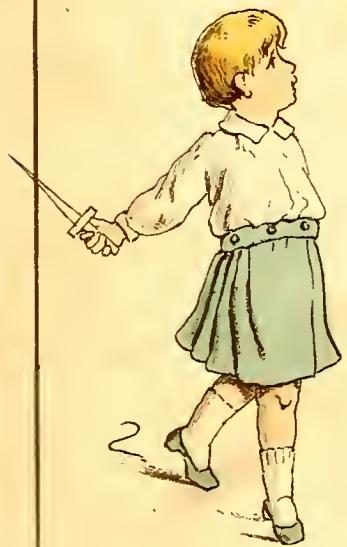
"But I can't run of errands,  
To school I cannot go,  
For I am sort of sickly, and  
It tires me you know."

"Swing the rope, oh swing the rope,  
Do, pray girls, swing it faster!  
Oh deary me, I'm jumping off  
My belladonna plaster!"

"But I shall keep on jumping,  
Go on, I shall not heed it;  
'Tis only when I read or sew  
That I do ever need it"



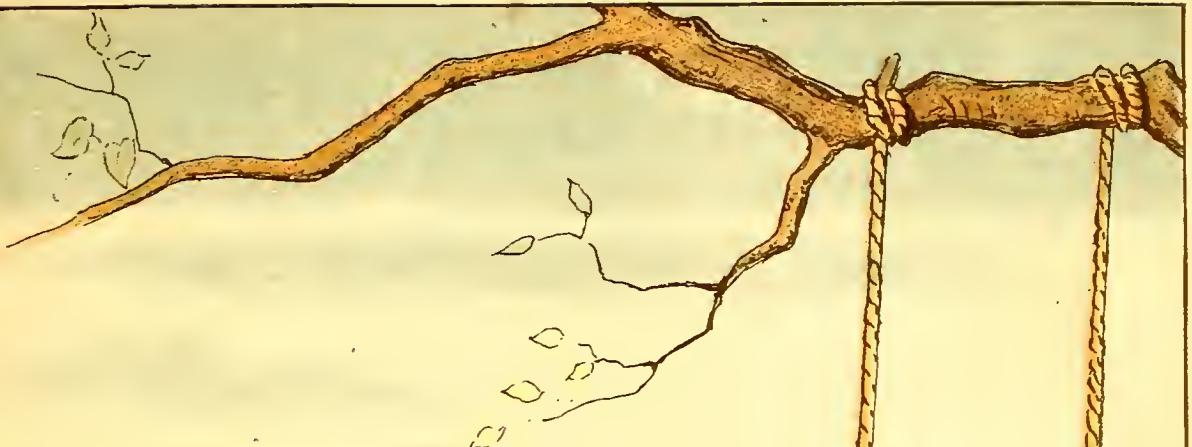
This is Miss Isabel Emily Lee,  
Frightened to death by a poor bumble bee  
Looking for honey. Oh dear, what a goosey!  
The bumble bee's gone, so what is the use?



Here's Brigadier General Hannibal Lee,  
Vowing revenge on the poor bumble bee.  
With sword in his hand he seeks for the foe;  
"Where did that bloodthirsty bumble bee go?"

And this is the innocent poor bumble bee,  
That frightened the timid Miss Isabel Lee.  
Down in the grass where the tall daisies grow,  
He laughs as the General struts to and fro.





"Oh baby boy and sister Kate,  
Now tell the truth to me;  
When you swing up into the  
sky,  
Pray what is there to see?"

"We see the little clouds sail  
round  
Like jolly boats at sea;  
We'd like to be aboard and  
float  
Around so carelessly."



Once, I've heard, in sunny Dover  
Margery, a glad-faced rover,  
Hunted for a four-leaved clover.

"Twill bring," she said, "bangles and rings,  
And balls and dolls, and clothes and things,  
Such good luck four-leaved clover brings."



When, at last, she found the clover,  
She'd searched all day the fields in Dover;  
The good luck was—the search was over.





"Good Morrow, master Greencap;  
My goodness, how you stare!  
Oh don't do so,  
'Tis rude, you know;  
I wonder how you dare."

"Good Morrow, little mistress;  
Oh my, but aren't you green!  
Aren't you aware  
A cat can stare  
At one, though she's a queen?"



"Oh pretty miss Jenny,  
I'd give a whole penny  
To know what your thoughts are, my dear.  
Are you thinking that life  
Is a terrible strife,  
And things are provokingly queer?

"Oh pretty miss Jenny,  
If troubles you've any,  
I'll tell you the speediest cure.  
Just fly round and get tea  
For both you and for me,  
And mind that the milk is quite pure."



"Heigho, heigho, my baby O,  
And can't you walk a bit?"  
"Oh mammy, won't you carry me,  
Pray what's the use of it?"

"My legs are weak and floppy,O;  
It isn't nice to tumble so;  
Give me your hand,or down I go;  
My legs are weak and floppy,O."

"Now go to sleep,my baby O,  
And sleep the whole night long"  
"Oh say not so,the night will go  
In dancing and in song."

"At night I'm never sleepy,O;  
I'm used to being trotted,O;  
I like to have a song,you know;  
At night I'm never sleepy,O"



Oh, that Dorothy Cook, that  
Dorothy Cook,  
How very industrious does  
the child look!  
Yet she flung down her patch-  
work, and stamped on it too;  
For Dorothy was in a passion,  
'tis true.



But, dear me, when Dorothy's mother came in,  
A different order of things did begin;  
For Dorothy sat down and sewed in her chair,  
With, oh, such a meek and industrious air!

"A bad bad boy I hear you are,  
Oh Tommy Snow!  
And you steal apples, people say;  
That's wrong, you know.

"You do not come to Sunday school,  
Oh Tommy Snow!  
But slyly creep off by yourself  
And fishing go.

"What, do you mean to say, my son,  
You don't do so?—  
Ah, you are Billy Snooks, I see,  
Not Tommy Snow."

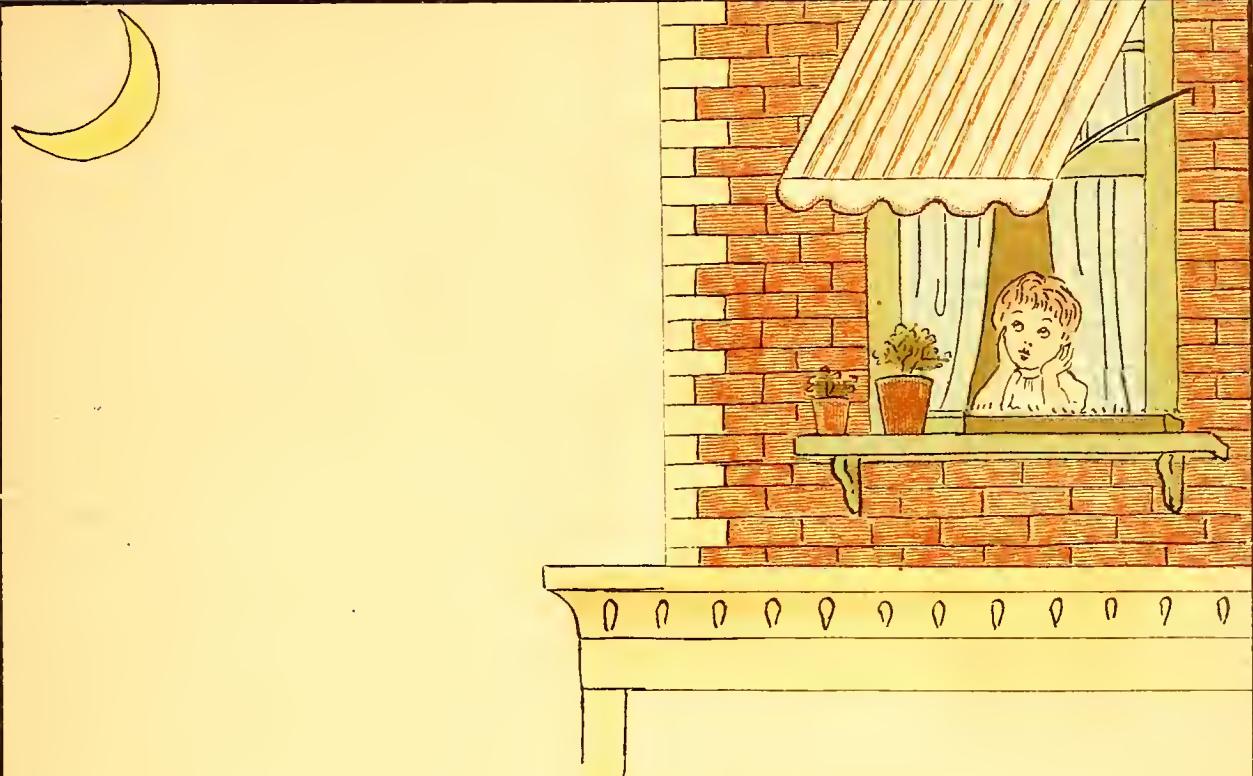




"Mistress has gone to town," she said,  
"And left me lots to do;  
There's bread to bake, and clothes to mend,  
And all this sweeping too!"

"Suppose I swept the house," she said,  
"From early morn till night;  
From night till early morn again,  
With all my main and might."

"Suppose you did," I said to her,  
"Why what would happen then?"  
"I'd have to take my broom in hand  
And sweep it o'er again!"



"Tra la la, oh, tra la la!

Nancy, lend an ear.

I've got a banjo for to

Serenade my dear.



"Tra la la, oh, tra la la!

Hear my pensive song.

Lady love, oh lady love,

I have loved thee long."



"Little girl, pretty girl,  
Are you too deaf to hear?"

"Excuse me, merry master,  
But you tickled so my ear."

"Little girl, funny girl,  
What's the time o' day?"  
"The time that work is over  
And that folks begin to play."

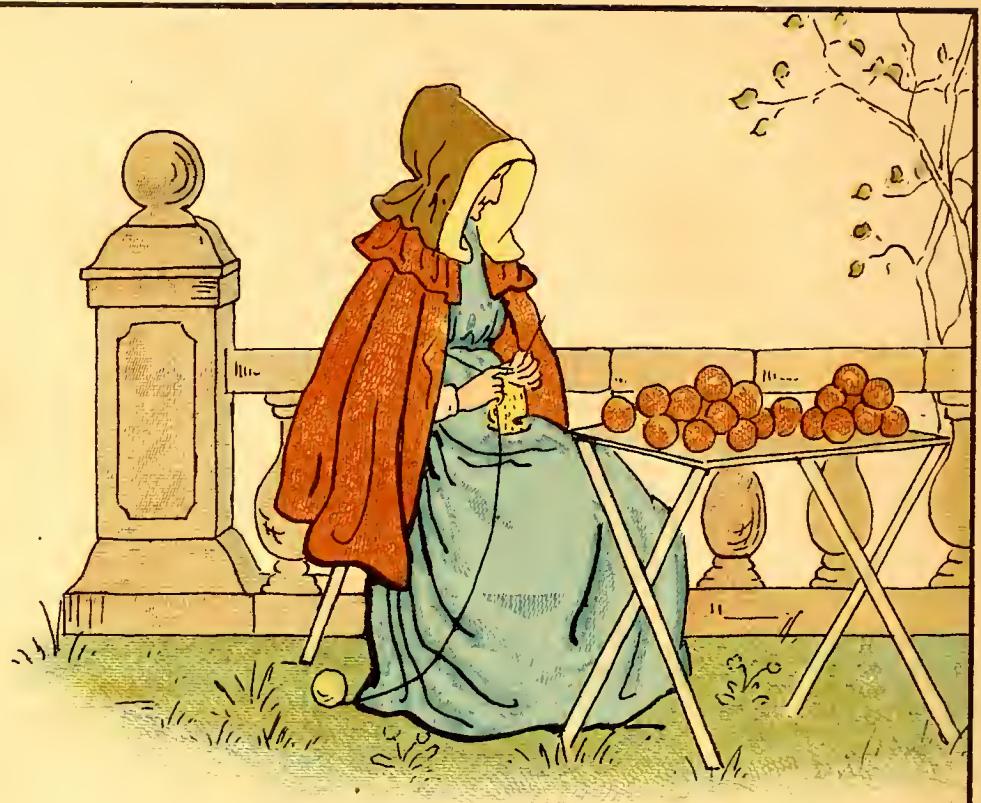


"Little girl, jolly girl,  
Pray stay with me and play."

"Yes, that I will, providing  
I can always have my way."

"Little girl, saucy girl,  
I'd be better off alone."

"Good bye, then, and I hope, sir,  
You'll enjoy your telephone."



He stole a big apple,  
This rosy-cheeked lad,  
From a poor apple woman,  
The biggest she had.



He stole a big apple  
And then ran away;  
He is a young rascal,  
That's all I can say.



"Oh, may I be your little page,  
My pretty lady, say?  
I'll bear your train right carefully  
If you decide I may."

She said "I wish no little page;  
My train I gladly see  
Sweep o'er the floor, two yards and more;  
So pray don't follow me."





"Oh stay, my boy, I've a lovely book,  
And we will both at the pictures look.

It's nice and cool in the shade of the trees,  
So let's swing together and take our ease."

But "No" he said stoutly "I want to go;  
They are making hay in the fields below;

The berries are thick by the old stone wall,  
And I don't like pictures and books at all!"

"But see," she says, "here are little girls  
With great big eyes, and such pretty curls;  
And look at their dear little slippered feet;  
Oh, the nice little girls, don't you think they are sweet?"

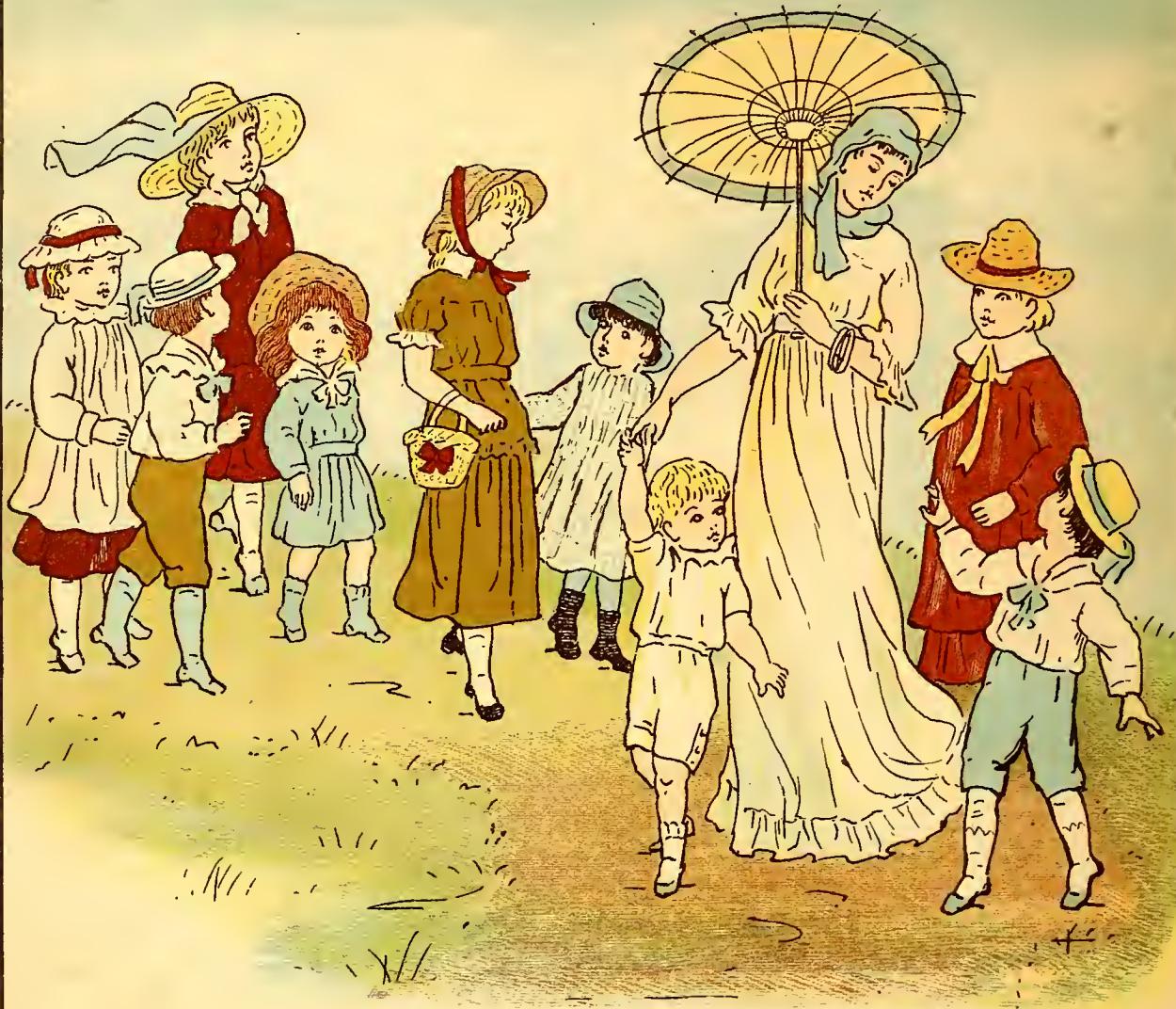
Then he growled, "I don't like little girls, you know;  
A hundred times I have told you so.

I'm a great big boy, and a boy should stay  
In the fields where the men are making hay."

"But see," she said, "here's a splendid boat,  
And a man in a scarlet soldier coat;  
And here's a boy with a beautiful gun.  
I'm going to read, so you'd better run."

Said he, "It is hot in the field  
below;  
They won't let me ride on the load  
I know;  
The berries aren't ripe by the  
old stone wall;  
And I do like pictures and books  
after all."

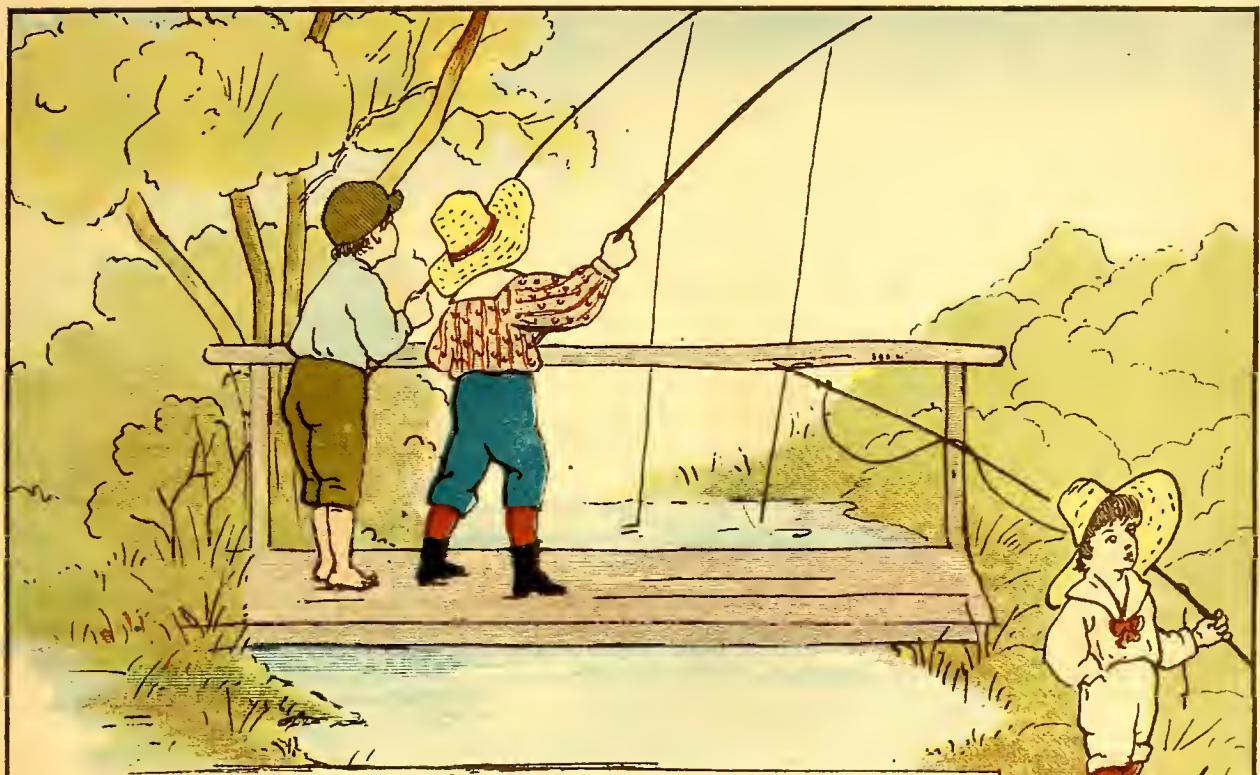




She cannot wander up the hill,  
Or down into the valley,  
Without a troop of boys and girls,  
Unfortunate miss Sally!

She cannot pass a pleasant hour  
In quiet with a book,  
But every child in Sally's town  
Seeks out her peaceful nook.

And all because one luckless day,  
In gay and merry mood,  
She told a fairy tale to them,  
And it was wondrous good.

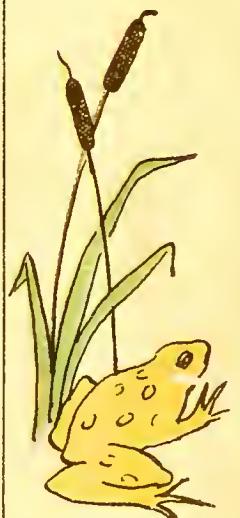


Wicked young truants  
A-fishing all day!  
Said Tom to Johnny,  
"Now old fellow, say,

"If these old fishes  
Were hungry as we,  
Wouldn't they bite, though,  
When our bait they see?

"If I saw a pie  
Just tied to a string,  
Wouldn't I snap at it  
Like anything?"

"Oh I'm going home,"  
Said Frederick, "for  
The sooner I go  
Will my scolding be o'er."





A bashful child was  
Lucy Jane;  
She stood right by  
the door;  
She didn't dare look  
up or down,  
Behind her or before.

She put her finger in her mouth,—  
I'm sure I thought she'd cry,—  
And all because a fine barouche  
And pair were passing by,

| And she was sure the people fine,  
(The people that were in it),  
Had looked at her, as they passed by,  
The millionth of a minute.

Oh, I am sad for Lucy Jane,  
For bitter was her sorrow;  
But happily twill pass away  
And vanish ere the morrow.

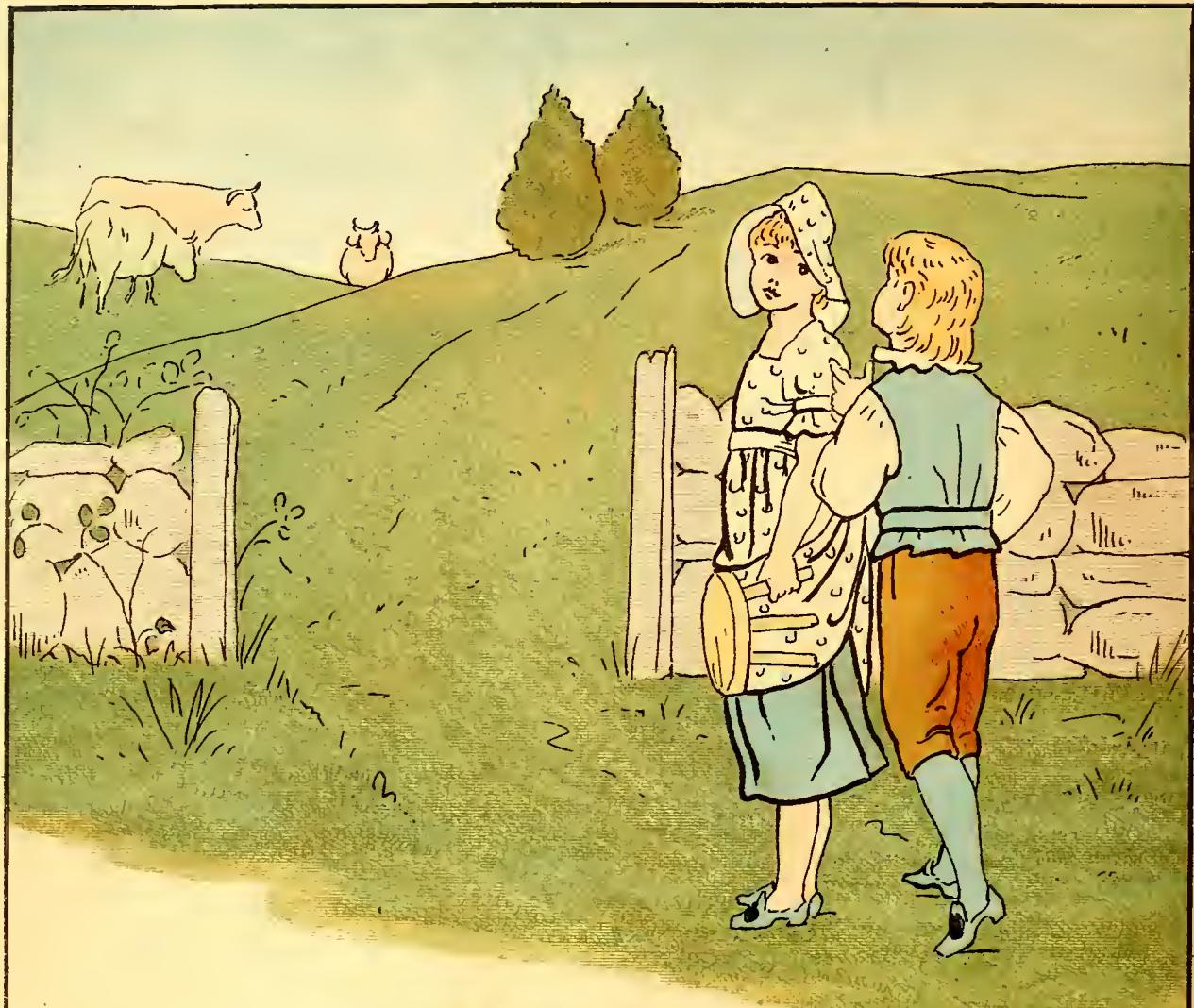
(POLLY.)

"Phoebe, be my bosom friend.  
I will love you madly.  
Molly—she's a horrid girl,—  
And she'll treat you badly."



(MOLLY.)

"Will you be my bosom Friend?  
Oh, pretty Phoebe, do.  
Do not heed what Polly says,  
For she's deceiving you."



Young Jacob, charming little man,  
Was very sweet on flighty Nan;  
"My deary O," he said, "they say  
The singing school begins to-day;  
Together you and I will go."  
Said cruel Nan, "Good gracious, no;  
I've lots to do, I never can,  
I'm not a-going, sir," said Nan.



Then Jacob said, "Adieu, adieu;"  
And Nan saw that he meant it, too.

She said, "Why Jacob, don't you know  
That from the first I meant to go?"





"Do, re, mi, fa,— sol, la, si, do;"  
So folks did sing, oh long ago,  
While many an arch and tender look  
Was cast above the singing-book.  
And Fatal are the words, I know,  
"Do, re, mi, fa,— sol, la, si, do."



"Oh how do you do,sir, this frosty cold day?  
The thermometer's down to zero,they say;  
And Jack Frost is biting my fingers and toes,  
The ponds are all freezing, and *how* the wind blows!"

"I'm very well,ma'am, this frosty cold day.  
But winter is coming and he means to stay;  
He's brought his white robe, and his jewelry too;  
The tree-boughs are sparkling like grass in the dew."

"Well,we must be moving, this frosty cold day;  
I'll coast with you on your new sled,if I may."  
"Believe me,dear madam, my sled will hold two,  
And always upon it therell be room for you."

Now here is a boy  
That's lost in a book,  
He hasn't for Poll  
A word or a look.



"In this pool," says  
Poll,  
"A sweet creature  
I see;  
Can it be really  
An image of me?"



"De circus·am a-comin',  
A mighty han'some show.  
Been a-waitin' long enough  
For de elephant to grow!"



"Sho, what you say dar, honey?

Oh, no, we won't go home;  
For de good tings ob dis world  
Am always slow to come."

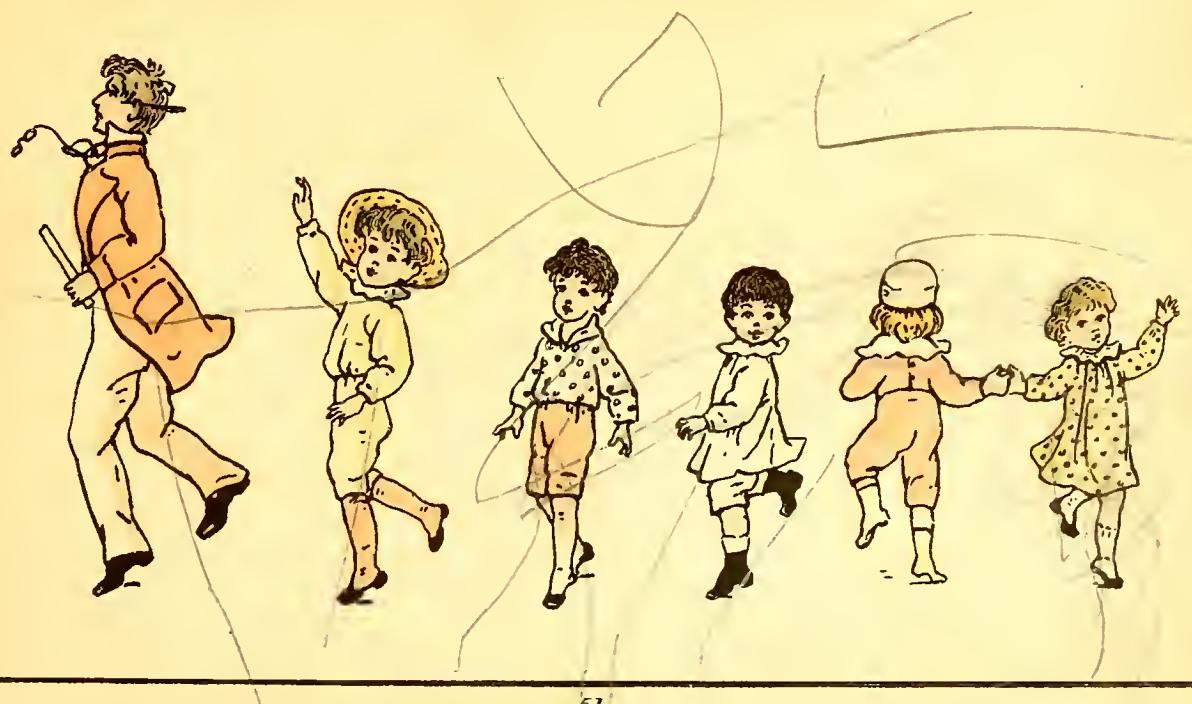


Young Joseph and Jerry and Jacob and John  
Had nothing whatever to do 'neath the sun,  
But to loaf, to lounge, and to loll half the day,  
Till someone gave Jerry a fiddle to play;  
The others then had to have one, right away.

Then they said "Now we'll learn to play, to play,  
In the most delightful and ravishing way,  
Like the man in the fairy tale, Oho!  
Who played and every one danced, you know,-  
They tripped on the light fantastic toe.

"The butcher shall dance, and so shall the baker,  
The tailor, the grocer, the candle-stick maker;  
And the schoolmaster'll skip the nimblest of all,  
And after him big boys and pretty girls small;-  
Of course there'll be no school in those days, at all."

So they played in the morning, at night, and at noon,  
And every played very much out of tune;  
But they said they were ready when they came to die  
To join in the chorus of angels on high;-  
The only air either could play, was Shoo-fly.





"Oh, have you heard the news, dame?

I wonder if it's true!"

"Good gracious me! I never did!

What are we coming to?"

"And did you know? Who told you so?

Whoever did begin it?"

"He wouldn't go." I want to know!

There must be something in it!"

"Oh hushaby, my baby dear, here upon my knee;

Your father is a noble, and a noble you shall be;

Your mother is a lady who combs her yellow tresses;

She's velvet caps, and satin gowns, and rich and

costly dresses."

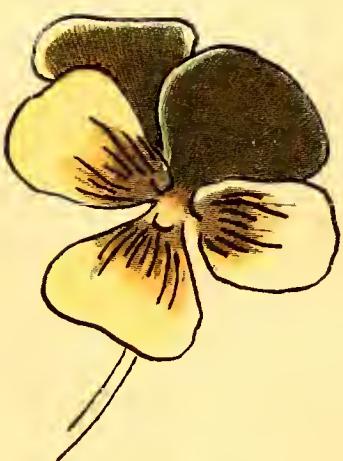


One minute more for Cynthy Ann,-  
"What is the answer, what?"  
"I know, I know," says Cynthy Ann,  
"But, dear me, I've forgot!"

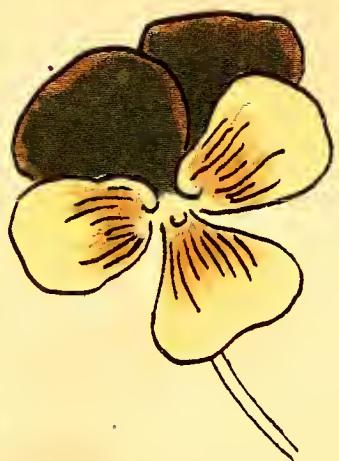
Amandy next, she doesn't know,  
Then stupid Lucy Ball,  
And Johnny, who looks very wise,  
But can't tell after all.

A stupid class of boys and girls,  
They cannot read or write,  
They do not know geography  
Nor algebra, a mite.

They don't know trigonometry,  
Nor chemistry, a bit,-  
Alas, alas, when they grow up  
For what will they be fit?



"Hush, they are coming;  
Now keep still;  
They'll never find us,  
If you will."



"S'pose they don't find us,  
I've called twice;  
To keep on hiding  
Won't be nice.

"S'pose they have something  
Good for tea,—  
Dear me, come find us,  
Here are we."





"Oh, dear mother, down there,  
Yes, down in the well,  
Lives a nice little girl,  
'Tis true that I tell.

"If you hold the bucket  
Down long enough; so,  
She'll get in, dear mother,  
And come up, I know.

"Then I'll have a sister,  
A beautiful twin;  
And the well I will promise  
No more to look in."

Oh, Poppy McQuade, my little maid,  
She read fairy tales, "truly," she said;  
Some about maidens with cruel step-mothers,  
And grim old Blue-beard, and various others.



Oh, Poppy McQuade, my little maid,  
She told big stories, I am afraid,  
For as over her chair I happened to look,  
I saw she was holding her mother's cook-book.



She wished that she were taller,  
Or the window not so high,  
Why couldn't they have made it  
On a level with her eye!

The trees were all in blossom,  
And the world was fair to see,  
Yet shut up in the dull house  
A prisoner was she.

She longed to be a gay bird,  
Born in a leafy bower;  
She begged she might go out doors,  
And then came down the shower.

The Christmas bells are ringing,

We can hear the children singing;

They seem to be merry,

These little folks,-very,-

We can hear them all a-singing.





"Pray mama, pray papa,  
Do not dance or sing;  
Please sit very quiet,  
And don't do anything.

"I cannot go to sleep, I know,  
If you are having fun below;  
I have to go to bed at eight,  
A thing I do abominate.

"Pray mama, pray papa;  
Do not laugh and talk;  
And pray don't have refreshments,  
And jingle knife and fork.

"I'm willing you should look at maps,  
Or read some stupid book, perhaps;  
But now don't laugh or joke or chat,  
I cannot sleep if you do that."



Nov 19

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# THE GLAD YEAR ROUND